



# The Corrector.

BY TOBY TICKLER, ESQ.

"I FEAR NO FROWNS, AND SEEK NO BLIND APPLAUSE."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1804.

No. 6

## PORCIUS, No. 1.

BORN and educated a republican, I claim the common right of addressing the people with the plainness of an honest man, and with the boldness of a heart unconscious of disgrace. It is a right in the frequent and independent exercise of which, by upright and intelligent citizens, the happiness and permanent security of the nation, is deeply involved. The exertion of this right, by the virtuous and the reflecting, must be the more obviously necessary, from the alarming abuses, that have of late, been practised upon the public ear—abuses, to which it will forever be liable, from the wiles and the daring views of unprincipled ambition—abuses, which from the apologies, and the plausible arguments they furnish, for the destruction of the best institutions, may ultimately prove fatal to the *liberty of the press*. If, therefore, it be the urgent duty of every well-intentioned man, to contribute his mite towards preventing the misdirection of the public sentiment, and the pollution of the public morals, I shall be rescued from the imputation of presumption or impertinence. But, who, that is conscious of pure intentions, that is inflamed with love for his country, and is a witness of the degradations we every day are suffering, can be charged with presumption or impertinence in appealing to the patriotism and good sense of the public? At this day, when European vagabonds have aspired with impunity to dictate the public opinion—and we have yielded to the insolent assumption, with a docility, almost worthy of oppression.

The inestimable benefits that have sprung from the invention of printing, not only in the general amelioration of the species, but in extending and confirming the dominion of liberty, have rendered the press, the favorite eulogy of patriots. Those most jealous of their rights, have always with reason boasted that a press, which is free, is, alone, a balance to all the evils of tyranny—indeed, that its existence is incompatible with the existence of a tyrant's power—that the lightnings of the press, like Ithuriel's spear, would strip off the best assumed disguise, and expose the native deformity and shake the firmest power of despotism. But, that it may merit to become the sanctuary of liberty—that it may be worthy of our veneration, it must be preserved free from control. Restraints upon its freedom—perverting its nature and its character, would defeat its important ends.—Unpolluted, it is the temple of liberty—its region is consecrated ground—and the fortunate people, are the marked favorites of Heaven—But thrown open to the orgies of the licentious and unprincipled—it is converted into an engine of hidden mischief, and disgorges innumerable evils, proportioned in their magnitude to the abuse of the blessings the people might have enjoyed. How, then, does it become the source of so many benefits—in what manner—does it come to command the admiration, the love, and the jealous defence of patriots and good men? This enquiry, will draw after. A number of interesting consequences, and in the sequel will compel me to unfold a scene of iniquity, which may well make us tremble for the security of our liberties. I propose, then, to maintain, that the happiness and freedom of the state, demand, that the *press be preserved free—not only from the direct restraints of government, but, free from a gross licentiousness, which is a perversion of its end.*

To the first part of this proposition, that the press should be independent of the immediate control of any political power, we have too universally assented, to require that it should be elaborately supported by argument. All our constitutions, as well

those of the states as that of the union, and the unvarnished voice of the people, have proclaimed it as a truth not to be questioned. It is obvious that the grand end of the press, considered as a political institution, is, that by a free discussion of public measures, the people, becoming acquainted with the views of their servants, and the real tendency of their administration, may exercise over it a kind of censorial jurisdiction; that the opinions of the people being concenetered and moulded into shape, and their judgment passed upon the conduct of government, applauding whatever is beneficial, and condemning whatever is hurtful; the influence of public sentiment may be employed to regulate the power and purify the views of the administration.

The last part of the proposition—that the press should be preserved free from a gross licentiousness, which is a perversion of its end—is a truth, the establishment of which is equally interesting to every unfeigned advocate of freedom. Ignorance is, without doubt, either immediately or remotely the cause of half the evils that afflict mankind. Could men perceive with clearness, the results of actions and events, the benefits which flow from justice and benevolence, and the horrid consequences of an uncontrollable indulgence of the malignant passions, the world would be no longer disfigured by violence and disorder; laws and political power would themselves be useless, and consequently every engine for preventing or curtailing their evils. Every vicious man would be robbed of his motives to villainy, since mankind, well instructed in their interests and their duties, would cause his iniquitous projects only to revert upon his own head. The liberty of the press, then, is to be valued by every lover of his country, as it is the mean of diffusing knowledge of every description, not only in morals and in taste, in whatever concerns the interests of agriculture, commerce and manufactures, but especially as imparting to every member of the state, political truth, as inculcating their duties as men and as citizens, as infusing into them a pure spirit of patriotism, an ardent attachment to the laws and constitution of their country, and also, as inspiring on the one hand, at once their respect and love for men, who combine probity with talents in awakening indignation and a jealous spirit of resistance against the daring or the secret combinations of their calumniators. The press, calculated thus to enlighten, to guide the morals, to stimulate the industry of the people, in the hands of unprincipled men, becomes a destructive engine, the most noxious of poisons.

The mass of the people, cut off from so many avenues to knowledge, they receive its productions with all the eagerness of curiosity, and all the credulity of uncorrupted hearts. With the effusions of our daily prints they are chiefly conversant. They regard the men commissioned with their conduct as possessing the widest range of information, and as animated only by the love of knowledge, and the desire of imparting it to others. In the honesty of their hearts, they recognize no motive so detestable, as the desire of giving currency to falsehood, and spreading the contagion of vice. They find it difficult to conceive, that nature ever formed a heart so base, as to be capable, even from education and the most inveterate habits of iniquity, of attempting to corrupt the sentiment, to debase the morals, and destroy the tranquility of a whole people, for the purpose of compassing, only with the greater certainty, an individual villainy. Easy, therefore, of belief, their passions are without difficulty blown into a flame by the machinations of well-informed and experienced knaves. The tranquility of the state, is thus, in some measure, held at the mercy of villains, who, possessing such ample means,

know, but too well, how to disturb it. The false exhibition of a single fact, skilfully fabricated, and circulated with industry, may unsettle the repose, and arouse the anxiety and alarms of a whole community. How much more dreadful evils may be effected by a well-connected system of fraud and iniquity, put into operation by a combination of ambitious, cold-blooded unprincipled men! Suppose, for example, it happen to comport with their views, to blast, in the esteem of the people, an individual, whose important services, whose distinguished talents, whose independent spirit, whose extensive popularity, oppose a strong barrier to the schemes of a junto of insolent and aspiring men; to sweep into their own coffers, to secure beneath their own grasp, all the power, all the offices, and all the honors of the state. Suppose, that by a plot as deep laid as it is deadly, and abhorrent to all justice and humanity, they resolve to accuse, with the pretended ardor of enthusiasm, this obnoxious individual, of treason against the liberties of the people. Suppose they scatter themselves thro' the country, that they may with one voice, take up the cry, and spread it into every corner of the state. Suppose they procure a gang of villains, unprincipled as themselves, to aid in manufacturing falsehoods, and conjuring up suspicions, to deceive and agitate the people. Suppose, as the master-piece of their nefarious project, they bribe into their service, by money, or by the promise of rewards, distinctions, and protections, a profligate editor, a man governed by no sentiment of delicacy or honor, who flings at no atrocities, who is restrained by no regard for the peace and happiness of a country—not his own. That it be the office of this grand artificer of lies, to make the explosion of the grand magazine of calumny that had been stored with such diabolical industry—Callous himself to the horrors of remorse, suppose his brazen front be employed to assume all the malignant effusions of those members of the conspiracy, who are less penetrable to shame, and less familiar with the frightful forms of vice—That, like a bloodhound he be kept in feeding to hunt down every man of independent spirit who nobly dares to cross the track of his ambitious masters, and that to aid his fatigues there, be distributed at convenient distances, curs of an inferior breed, not only to ensure the destruction of the most offensive object, but to beat up all who furnish him a shelter against their hungry vengeance. Can it be imagined that any virtue, that any talents, that any prudence, without the aid of the independent and enlightened members of the community, and perhaps a concurrence of fortunate events, can ward off so insidious, so multiplied, so powerful an assault? Are not our greatest and most deserving citizens liable thus to sink under the stabs of ambitious conspirators, victims of a censure falsely belied? Can a state of society where such infamies are tolerated, be regarded as hopeful, by men who have any concern for their peace of mind, and who cherish the ambition of maintaining an unfulfilled name? Does it not become every man who values personal security and honor, who considers as beyond all price, the liberties, the peace, and happiness of his country, to employ his example and his efforts in counteracting a conspiracy, at once so ungenerous, so unjust, so alarming to the best hopes and expectations of freemen? Will not a timid silence, a shrinking from the rescue of an injured citizen, argue a pusillanimity which will infallibly attract, and will be worthy only of oppression?—I am compelled to stop abruptly, and must defer till a second, observations which this number should have comprised.

PORCIUS.

## THE CORRECTOR.

TO TOBY TICKLER, ESQ.

Dear Toby,

I HAVE heard with infinite pleasure, that the interest and attention of a generous public have been promptly excited and irresistably attracted by those learned labors of our countrymen, which, with your friendly assistance, I had the honor, in the former part of the week, of announcing to the world.

The ingenious productions of our native authors, have been the only themes of conversation in all our polite assemblies since your notice of their publication; and the diversity of their several merits has afforded constant topics for discussion amongst men of judgment in science, and taste in criticism, ever since they first received the sanction of your approbation.

I feel myself, therefore, in a high degree encouraged, not only to proceed in the execution of my plan to the farthest limits of its first conception, but even to extend the original bounds of its proposal, so far as to recommend, the infant exertions of our fellow-citizens for the cultivation of the *Fine Arts*, to the same encouragement and patronage. For this purpose I have enclosed for publication, two several catalogues which have been handed to me by a young artist of great taste and genius:—The one, containing an account of the late valuable additions to the Shakespeare Gallery; and the other, a list of those original pictures which have been collected and established as the foundation of a similar institution.

If the Academy of Arts already afford (as a director distinguished for his improved taste, and practical experience, has frequently asserted) the best school for sculpture beyond the precincts of Paris, the capital of modern Europe; you will easily be convinced, my dear sir, by an attentive perusal of the originals of the Shakespeare collection, and the Pandemonian Gallery, that the "American Academy" will, before the revolution of many years, dispute the palm of excellence in painting, with the schools of London, of Paris, and of Rome.

I am, dear Cousin,

Your's most courteously,  
TOUCHSTONE TICKLER.CHARACTERISTIC PORTRAITS,  
*Lately added to the Shakespeare Gallery.*

No. 1. The Aristocratic Compact, an allegorical painting in water colours. The back ground and drapery, executed by D. W. C. the figures by that promising artist, Morgan Rattler.

" Shall fall,  
And like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
Leave not a wreck behind."

" We are joined with none but nobility; such as will strike sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet I lie, for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or rather, not *pray to her*, but *prey on her*; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their booty."—Hen. IV.

No. 2. A striking likeness of that celebrated comedian, Mr. Lewis, as Autolius.—" I am known to be humorous, and to love a glass of hot wine without one drop of alloying Tiber in it."

N. B. The last and best editor of Shakespeare is inclined to expunge the words *hot wine*, and substitute *champaign*—the last is certainly more in character.

No. 3. An expounder of the prophecies, in the robes of a Turkish Mufti.

" And see a prayer-book in his hand,  
True ornament to know a holy man."  
" 'Tis a very fine thing to be father-in-law  
To a very magnificent three-tail'd Bafaw—  
On perquisites I lay my paw, &c."

No. 4. A highly colored portrait of his honor, the Mayor of Garratt, as he appeared in the character of Capt. Bobadil, in the tragi-comedy of the *bloody business*, lately performed with unbounded applause at a private theatre in the neighborhood of this city.

" And telling me 'twas great pity, so it was,  
This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd  
Out of the bowels of the harmleis earth—  
And but for these vile guns  
He would himself have been a warrior."

" Why he stalks up and down, like a peacock,  
Bites his lip with a politic regard, as who should say,  
there were wit in his head; and so perhaps there is,  
but it lies coldly in him, as fire does in flint which  
will not shew without knocking."

No. 5. A medallion containing the L——n arms; supporters, two judges; crest, a ship in distress; motto, *Spero meliora*, i. e. more offices and better ones.

No. 6. An ourang-outang painted by a right learned clerk.

" Beware of yonder beast—  
Look, when he fawns, he bites, and when he bites,  
His venom tooth will rankle to the death;  
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks upon him."

" I'll not meddle with conscience, it is a dangerous thing—a man cannot lie, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him."

No. 7. A remarkably fine head of Julian the apostate, by Sir A. S. F. R. S.

" The high permission of all-ruling Heaven,  
Left him at large to his own black designs  
That with reiterated crimes he might  
Heap on himself destruction; while he sought  
Evil to others."

No. 8. Mr. R. R——r, in the character of Gratiato. " Gratiato speaks an infinite deal of nothing—his reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you may search all day ere you find them; and then they are not worth the search."

No. 9. The same ludicrous performer as Dicky Golting.—" I likes to go out ven I'm dressed in my master's cloaths—cafe vy, I looks a little like him, and every body thinks I'm some great man."

No. 10. A Maryland quack doctor, intended as a companion print to that of the Scribe, by T——d, F. R. S.

" I do remember an apothecary—  
Culling of simples, meagre were his looks,  
Sharp misery had worn him to the bone—  
And if a man did need a poison now,  
Here lives a caiff wretch, would sell him one.  
Being holiday the beggar's shop is shut."

ORIGINAL PICTURES,  
*By American artists, lately established and collected  
as the foundation of an institution, to be denominated  
the PANDÆMONIAN GALLERY.*

No. 1. Is a superb painting of the Arch Fiend, seated upon his royal throne at the opening of the Council. From the youthful hand and promising pencil of D. W. C——n.

" High on the throne of royal state,—  
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd  
To that bad eminence; and from despair  
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
Beyond thus high, infatiate to pursue  
Vain war with heav'n, and by success untaught,  
His proud imaginations still display'd."

There is one objection that the connoisseurs have made in this piece, in which we feel some disposition to concur, namely, that Mr. C——n's representation of the arch enemy is deficient in *spirit* and in majesty; but in the expression, he has been universally allowed to have exceeded, if possible, the malignity of the devil himself.

No. 2. Moloch speaking in the Council. By Mr. A——e S——r, an artist who has exhibited in many rival academies.

" Moloch, scepter'd king,  
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit  
That fought in hell, now fiercer by despair:  
His trust was with his leader to be deem'd  
Equal in strength, and rather than be less,  
Car'd not to be at all; —————"

" The character of Moloch is admirably preserved in all its circumstances; and the expression full of that fire and fury which distinguish this spirit from his compeers. It may be worth while to observe, that Milton has represented this violent impetuous spirit as the *first* that rises in the council. All the sentiments with which he supplies him, are rash, audacious, and desperate—becoming the bitterness of this implacable fiend."—Addison on Milton.

No. 3. An admirably well finished full length portrait of Belial. By the hon. J—— A——g, an artist of much experience and considerable practice in foreign schools.

" On th' other side uprose  
Belial, in act more graceful and humane;  
A fairer person lost not heaven; he seem'd  
For dignity compell'd and high exploit:

But all was false and hollow; though his tongue  
Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear  
The better reason, to perplex and dash  
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low;

To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds  
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the ear."

No. 4. " The lowest spirit of Hell," an exact copy of the ineffable original. By T——s W——.

" The least erected spirit that fell  
From heav'n, for e'en in heav'n his looks and  
thoughts

Were always downcast bent, admiring more  
The riches of heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,  
Than ought divine or holy else enjoy'd  
In vision beatific: —————"

" than whom a spirit more lewd  
Breath'd not in hell, or more gross to love  
Vice for itself: —————"

No. 5. Represents the serpent biting the heel of the woman's foot. By J——s C——m, a foreign artist of great notoriety, chiefly celebrated for his skill in *head-pieces*. This branch of his art he has however totally neglected, having resolved to confine himself, for the future, to allegorical subjects in the *horrid style*.

" A serpent arm'd  
With mortal sting: about his middle round  
A cry of hell-hounds never ceasing bark'd,  
A hideous peal; yet, when they lift, would creep,  
If augt disturb'd their noise, into his breast,  
And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and  
howl'd

Within unseen."

No. 6. Beelzebub's remonstrance at the breaking up of Pandemonium. By a veteran artist, who desires his name *hush'd forward* to be conceal'd.

" Whic'a, when Beelzebub perceived, than whom  
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave  
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd  
A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven  
Deliberation sat and public care;  
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,  
Majestic though in ruin."

TO TOBY TICKLER, ESQ.

SIR,  
THE sapient Editor of some village Gazette discovered not long ago that the friends of Col. Burr, in this state, amounted to the precise number of *sixty-nine*. As the Citizen has adopted this calculation, there can be little reason to doubt it's accuracy. If this be really the case, the *Burrite* must certainly be a most singular animal, and worthy the attentive examination of every Naturalist: the most remarkable phenomenon in his construction, is, that he appears to possess the power of *instantaneous self propagation*, so long supposed to be peculiar to the *Polypus*.

" Cut the *Polypus*," says a natural historian, " into a dozen parts, and instead of destroying the animal, you produce twelve distinct animals." That the same singularity is observable in the *Burrite* may easily be proved. A few evenings ago, about ten or twelve of these singular beings assembled at the Mechanic Hall. They soon proceeded to busines, that is to say, they divided themselves into upwards of seven hundred and fifty parts, each of which bore the human figure, and appeared to possess most of the faculties of rational creatures. A still more wonderful circumstance in the Natural History of this extraordinary non-descript, is, that a large proportion of these animated parts are possessed of free-holds; and it is not improbable that at the ensuing Election, the above *sixty-nine* will be enabled to give *twenty-five* or *thirty thousand votes* for the magician, who, has endowed them with this remarkable quality.

I am, Sir, Your humble servant,  
LINNE, JUNIOR.

## THE CORRECTOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 14.

## POOR BEHRENS.

Under the auspices of that malignant faction, which through falsehoods the most daring and impudent, is endeavoring to delude the good sense of the people of this state, a handbill has been circulated, intended to injure the Vice-president, in a matter which, when truly detailed, incontestably proves his justice, his liberality, and his prudence. A simple narrative of the affair of Behrens will expose the infamous misrepresentations to which the supporters of Mr. Lewis are obliged to resort in order to uphold their sinking cause. This task is undertaken that justice may be done to integrity, and that the villain who in various ways is alpering private character, may be exposed to the hatred and contempt of the community.

Albright Behrens died in the city of New-York, in the month of March, 1797.

Upon his death, a contest ensued for the administration of his estate, between a Mr. Tiegen, a young German, claiming as a relation, and others, who asserted that they were the friends of the intestate; the result of which was, that the Surrogate of the city and county of New-York, upon examining their various claims, awarded the administration to Mr. Tiegen.

Mr. Tiegen being a single man, and a stranger in this city, was unable to procure security for the just administration of the intestate's estate.

When this difficulty occurred, the late Mr. Melancton Smith, and others, who were friendly to Tiegen, called upon Mr. Burr. They stated to him Tiegen's inability to procure the requisite securities but spoke very favorable of his character as a promising young man, and requested Mr. Burr to take upon himself the administration of Behren's estate as trustee for Tiegen; to which he consented, upon their offering themselves as the sureties. Mr. Burr had never been consulted as counsel or otherwise, and until this period, had never heard of the existence of Mr. Tiegen, or of the death of Mr. Behrens. In consequence of the request alluded to, he took out letters of administration, and proceeded to the adjustment of the estate.

Soon after this, Tiegen went to Europe to procure testimony of his relationship to Albright Behrens, the intestate, in order to entitle himself to the estate. Tiegen never has returned to this country, nor is it known what has become of him.

Sometime after this one Herman Behrens arrived in this country, and claimed the estate of Albright Behrens for himself and others, whom he represented as the legal heirs of the deceased.

Upon the arrival of young Behrens, Mr. Burr submitted all the papers relative to the estate of Albright Behrens to his examination, and procured Mr. Albert Wilchins (a German who had been in the employ of old Mr. Behrens, and to whom Mr. Burr had committed the transaction of the business of the estate) to aid him as interpreter, and to give him a full knowledge of the whole transaction.

When Herman Behrens, however, came to exhibit the proofs of his being the nearest of kin to the intestate, they did not appear to Mr. Burr to be so satisfactory as to authorize him to deliver over the estate to him. If he had done so, and it had afterwards appeared that Herman Behrens was not the nearest of kin to Albright Behrens or that there were creditors who had not yet exhibited their demands, Mr. Burr would undoubtedly have been obliged to pay it over again to the real heir, and to satisfy the creditors whenever they should appear.

Under these circumstances Mr. Burr informed young Behrens of his doubts.—But said, that if any two respectable counsellors in the city of New-York, would certify that he [Mr. Burr] would be justified in delivering over the estate to him, that he would immediately comply with his wishes.

Mr. Harison and Mr. Hamilton were proposed by the parties. They were furnished with a complete statement of the case, and upon investigating it, gave the following opinion in writing:—

## OPINION.

The administrator being a stranger to the family connexions of the deceased, and having undertaken his office at the request of a person claiming to be a relation, who is now absent, and for whom he may be considered as a trustee, I think that he is not only justifiable, but bound to act with much circumspection.

The possibility of becoming answerable for existing debts, and of committing those who are responsible for his conduct, gives additional weight to other considerations.

I think, therefore, that independent of objections which arise from the improper execution of the power in some respects, he should not pay over the money without satisfactory evidence that the claimants are the next of kin to the deceased, and the only persons entitled to distribution.

He should also be satisfied that no debts can hereafter appear, because an application at Bremen for a return of the property may be as ineffectual as it would be troublesome.

Under every circumstance, a payment purely voluntary may be attended with ill consequences, and must be at his peril.

Considering these several matters, I think that the administrator should require the indemnity of a decree in chancery for his justification. An amicable suit may be instituted, in which the claimants may establish their title, creditors be called in, if any such exist, and the conduct of the administrator be sanctioned by the judgment of a tribunal possessing competent authority for that purpose.

(Signed) RICH D. HARISON.

I am of the same opinion.

(Signed) A. HAMILTON.

New-York, 15th June, 1798.

In consequence of this opinion, an amicable suit was instituted in the court of Chancery, in order to afford young Behrens an opportunity to prove his claim, and to indemnify Mr. Burr in delivering to him the estate.

The business has ever since been in Chancery.—No delay has been created by Mr. Burr, as may be learnt by application to Mr. Ogden, the counsel for Mr. Behrens; or Mr. Cooper, the master in Chancery, to whom the reader is referred for information on that point.

The Behrens have not yet obtained a decree in their favor, and of course the estate has not been, nor cannot consistently with discretion, or propriety, be delivered over to them. Mr. Burr has, nevertheless, from time to time, and without any legal compulsion, advanced money to them to the amount of about 8000 dollars.—The balance remaining in the hands of Mr. Burr is less than 13000 dollars.

According to this opinion of Messrs. Hamilton and Harison, although young Behrens has no established right to the property, yet Mr. Burr from time to time advanced him money for his support while in this country, and although no decree has yet been obtained, Mr. Burr has paid to the agent of Behren's family nearly one half of the property. The above facts will be verified by application to Mr. Ogden, counsel for the family of Behrens. That Mr. Burr has never improperly delayed the termination of this suit, but that he has afforded every facility in his power can be satisfactorily proved by Thomas Cooper, Esq. Master in Chancery in this city, who has a full knowledge of the whole transaction.

To every mind not utterly corrupted by the arts of a desperate faction; the above statement must prove that there is no species of low cunning, of insolent abuse and infamous slander, to which the opposers of Mr. Burr will not resort to effect their treacherous purposes. If private character and public worth are thus openly assailed by the wilful malice of abandoned men, who does not see that men of integrity and honor will be scrupulous of serving a people who give credence to accusations unfounded in truth and unsupported by testimony? If slanderous lies thus propagated, without the authority of a name, are believed, the reputations of every private and every public man must be at the mercy of hardened iniquity.

## DAVY.

*"Some say he is a sounding brat,  
Which signifies a prattling Ass."*

Davy is pretty well known as an officer of our harbor; an appointment which he solicited with all due humility, and in seeking which he crouched like a spaniel, to the friends of Mr. Burr for their assistance. He is better known as a little wapish, chattering creature, that daily infests the Coffee-house. The light in which Davy is viewed, will be well understood by the following true story. I will not also call it a serious one.

Davy some days ago was sporting his limber tongue with more than customary venom and impertinence, when a Burrite remarked, that indecision in fancied prosperity was usually followed by meanness in a moment of disappointment, and offered to bet Davy a beaver hat, that, if Col. Burr was elected governor, he would within one year wait on him in the most contrite and humble manner, and solicit to be continued in office. Davy colored and looked like a fool—which to be sure is not uncommon, and made some silly reply, expressing himself not afraid to take the bet. The Burrite then clotted with him, making it still stronger. He laid that within the given time Davy will wait on Mr. Burr and intreat, upon his bended knees, that he may remain in office. So stands the bet.

Davy is of course the standing jest of the coffee-house: he skulks among the crowd—half impudent and half ashamed; every day the news of Burr's increasing succels renders him more crest fallen, and on the whole, the mixture of pertness, mortification and spite, gives such a ludicrous expression to the insignificant arrangement of Davy's features, that gravity itself must relax into laughter at the sight. Whenever he attempts to give himself consequential airs, he is always cut down with, "Well, Davy, how go's the bet?"

## Bob again.

I don't know how it happens, for I really bear Bob no ill-will, that he is continually popping in my way. He is a good natured harmless kind of a fellow, and I really wish he would not be so officious, for I have no time to make him appear ridiculous. But Bob will keep thrusting that CHUCKLE-HEAD of his in my way. I think however that after to day I must give Bob a resting spell, if he will but keep himself quiet. He has lately become a printer's devil to Cheetham, or I should not have molested him.

Last fall when Bob was disappointed of the sheriff's office, he ascribed his failure to having spoken disrespectfully of Cheetham's paper. A great crime truly and one that merited hanging. Bob openly declared that the council had refused to appoint him "because he would not encourage and support that d—d scoundrel Cheetham." Those are his very words and they procured Bob some little respect and consideration: especially as he always accompanied them with a long comparison of his services in the cause (of the family) with those of J. S. Surface. Bob has held me in talk by the hour on this subject. He generally chases a corner of a street at which to harrangue on his own services, and the claims of the family.

Who would believe it?—after all this Bob has enlisted in Cheetham's service, and was, a few days since engaged in his office, from morning to night, in folding up scurrilous handbills to send in the country. Cheetham says that Bob is an industrious dog; but being without talents or influence, can only work with his fingers, so he has employed him as paper folder. I am told that Bob is paid for his services in the POOR BEHRENS' handbill—which he reads loud to himself every night before stepping into bed.

Cheetham says that Mr. Burr sent Mr. Richardson the other day to borrow fifteen hundred dollars on a mortgage of several lots; but that the lots were already mortgaged and the money refused. This is a LIE. Mr. Burr has not even seen Mr. Richardson in many months, nor employed him in any manner, or made any such application to Mr. Gardner, through any other person.

## THE CORRECTOR.

## FOR THE CORRECTOR.

*Omnibus bonis coalescentibus nil timeo. Cte. in CAT.*

IN all free governments a difference of political opinion must exist, which difference, when expressed with due moderation, is productive of much good. But to the misfortune of every government, reptiles which have been warmed and cherished in its bosom, imprison its peace and happiness. Factious men exist every where; some from a hope of gain and the promises of designing demagogues, stir up new factions and create new discord: others from a love of unceasing change, disturb the harmony of the world. From this source flow all those evils which afflict our country; the slander of private name, and that infernal spirit of defamation which views with pain the exaltation of virtue, and tears the hard-earned laurels from the brow of public worth. To oppose such evils as these, to chase from government the disturbers of public and private tranquility, is the duty of every virtuous man. And I have always admired that glorious sentiment, "an union of honest men;" that exhortation to the good of every denomination, who deprecate such scenes of confusion, and who, though varying in political opinion, have but one object, the good of their country; to form a firm and indissoluble union, that like Leonidas's band, may guard the pass to public happiness from the encroachment of every enemy. Yet this sentiment which deserves the admiration of every upright man, has proved an exhaustless source of calumny to its author; under the words in which it is couched, as under the cover of Pandoras's box, has been discovered every evil. But, is there any thing in its aspect from which a virtuous man would shrink? No; those only whose complicated vices would exclude them from such an association can fear "an union of honest men." When from the chair of presidential dignity, we were exhorted to harmonize our political sentiments, and form ourselves into one great band, the good men of either party looked upon it as the approach of a millennium. But such is the illiberality of some men, that what is virtue in one, is the summit of criminality in another. When the very same sentiment and the very same exhortation to honest men, was given by Mr. Burr, his enemies, with one voice, cried out "intrigue and corruption." From that moment calumny has never ceased to assail the character of this great, but persecuted man. Every unmeaning defect of his private life, for which the frailty of nature might have been ample excuse, has been magnified into enormity and crime, and every action into treason and design. But to the honor of our country, these invaders of happiness shall no longer go unpunished, nor shall their flanders destroy the character they were intended to overwhelm. There are some men who rise in proportion to the attempts to sink them. Within the human soul there seems a secret and elastic spring, which instead of sinking beneath accumulated insult, acquires from the pressure a recuperative force, which carries higher and higher the name it supports. Such is the character of Mr. Burr: the united efforts of good men shall prove, how little avail unfounded calumnies, or the assaults of wicked and designing men. What is there, I repeat it, so terrible in an union of honest men? Would the virtuous fear to entrust their government to honest hands? Would they fear that honest hands should hold all public offices, or that honest hands should join to promote the happiness of their country? To intrigue for such an union, is to intrigue for the good of one's government. But that daring faction which causes so much disturbance at every attempt to do good, cannot long be tolerated. Upon the walls of the dark and gloomy cell, where this infernal brood hatch their villainies and their flanders, a secret hand has written their doom. Good men of all denominations who love their country and delight in its happiness, must and will unite to oppose these evils, by "an union of honest men."

In those times of political disaster, when patriots grey in the service of their country, who have been raised by the free suffrages of their fellow-citizens to high and honorable stations are branded with every epithet which infamy can invent, because they obstruct the views or impede the designs of ambitious

men; when the character of every man, however honest, who dares declare his sentiments, or oppose measures which work the ruin of his country, is torn to shreds and scattered on the idle winds; when we are every where presented with the melancholy spectacle of widows and children mourning over the murdered reputations of their husbands and parents; when no one is secure, however pure his life, however unfulfilled his name; when virtue herself dreads to go abroad lest the brightness of her form be tarnished by the corroding breath of a slanderous wretch; good men of all denominations who love their country and delight in its happiness, must and will unite to oppose such evils by "an union of honest men."

When a daring and aristocratic faction, eager for dominion and power, treads down every thing however sacred that interposes between them and their object; a faction, which to obtain its end, passes through every difficulty and surmounts every obstacle; a faction, which conscious of wicked design, and fearing a co-operation of honest men, exerts every energy to destroy them; whose dread of the good is such that like the horrid Caligula, they sigh that the heads of all honest men cannot be united on a single neck, that by one and the same stroke they might terminate their existence. When two opulent families monopolize all the offices of state, when places of distinction and emolument are bartered and interchanged from the one to the other as interest or convenience may demand; the good men of all denominations who love their country and delight in its happiness, must and will unite to oppose these evils by "an union of honest men."

## UNUS HONESTORUM.

## FOR THE CORRECTOR.

"By their works ye shall know them."

CHEETHAM says, titles are imposing things, asserts his party are enemies to aristocracy, that they are the only true republicans, the only friends of the people. It is, however, worthy of remark, that though he and his party ring the charges pretty well, on the clime of bala fixed in every part of the state; no nomination has issued, but what is headed with *The Honourable Morgan Lewis, as Governor, and the Honourable John Broome as Lieut. Governor.* This he no doubt concludes, will take presidency of the plain nomination through the state, of the opposing candidates, held up as better entitled to the support of dignified and enlightened freemen, and without concert or predetermination, Aaron Burr is presented as a candidate for governor, and Oliver Phelps as lieut. governor.

The contrast on paper is striking, thus party often over-shoots itself, and in an unguarded expression betrays its secret attachments, and the over zealous imp shews the mettle of his pasture, or exposes his master's cloven foot.

But allowing them to be honourable men, which I find excites a doubt in society--let the honourable Morgan Lewis, chief justice of the state of New-York, and Aaron Burr, be placed in the scales of honour, poised by the hand of justice, and there is no doubt resting on the public mind, but the honourable Morgan Lewis, chief justice, &c. will most decidedly kick the beam.

As to the honourable John Broome, colonel, &c. offered as a candidate for the office of lieut. governor, on the one side, and Oliver Phelps on the other, here Cheetham continues on his slippery path, but let him run, he will soon slip definitively, and when he does, he will, gaining his native level, crawl on the surface, and like the disturber of the peace of Eden, save his head from bruising, only by keeping out of the paths of honest men.

A wretch has impudently assailed the character of Mr. Phelps, but the base assailant must shrink before the prying eye of a cool dispassionate people. This vile interrogator pretumes to ask, how long has Mr. Phelps been a resident in the state of New-York? more years by far than he himself has found in our happy country, a shelter from the lash of justice; the stings of conscience, he is not tormented with....

conscience can never make a coward of him, who believes not in nature's God, whose foul is feared, for purposes no doubt wisely concealed, and will not be unfolded, until he makes his exit. He is truly like the beast that rose up out of the sea, upon whose head was stamped the name of blasphemy.

His countenance was spotted, his feet were as the feet of a bear, and his mouth like unto the mouth of a cat-fish.

And there was given unto him a mouth speaking base things and blasphemies; and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months.

And he opened his mouth in blasphemy, and belied against the union of honest men.

If any man have an ear, let him hear.

He that threatens captivity shall go into captivity.

He that threatens to kill with a dagger, in the unsuspecting moments of sleep, may sink to contempt in open day.

He caused all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their foreheads:

And that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name.

Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast, and they will find he has not long to live--that his own hand, with a well applied noose, will settle that question. For the consistent conduct of Mr. Phelps, we make an appeal to the surviving revolutionary characters of our country, his zeal and activity, was well known to our veterans, and the few, if any there be, who know him not, argue themselves unknown.--But let me ask Mr. Cheetham, who is the honorable col. John Broome, who gave him the commission, what was the name of his regiment, in what brigade did he serve, where did his regiment ever parade, where did he present its front, to the invading enemy, or finally, where did the col. himself, ever see that enemy?--Titles are imposing things Cheetham--your intimate acquaintance, and close association, with the honorable candidate--warmly supported by yourself and your party, can easily obtain answers to these interrogatories, and if you will, I will acknowledge, you will out-do--all your former out-doings.

"Doubtless the pleasure is as great  
Of being cheated, as to cheat;  
As lookers-on feel most delight,  
That least perceive a juggler's slight,  
And still the less they understand,  
The more th' admire his slight of hand."

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